The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R .MORRIS. WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1844. Volume I. Number 7.

POETRY.

From the Zanesville Aurora.

LINES

[Written on reading an extract from Gen. Jackson's late letter, informing the public that he was decling fast and certainly could not live long.]

Patriot Chieftain! thy honored race is run!
As fades from our admiring sight
The golden rays of the full orbed Sun
Into the bosom of melancholy night!
The bespaugled canopy spread out above,
May beam with the silvery light
Of the pale moon, like a being of love,
Robed in celestial white—
Rather than its changing rays should be
Thy emblem—oh! better, better, far,
That our dark and tempest-driven sea
Should be lit up with a lonely star—
Whose polar ray would placidly shine
A jewel in the coronal of night,
And the pilgrim will turn to that shrine
Of chastened heaven-born light
Beaming mildly 'till the transparent hue
Of morn in deep vermillion glows,
And the milkly baldrick, tipt with blue,
Is crimsoned as the rose.
'Twas in the morn of life thy eaglet spirit sprung on high,
And floated through Heaven's blue dome,
While the gorgeous hues of Aurora's richly painted sky
Curtained in fleecy drapery thy etherial home.
Alas! old eagle, thine eye is dim—
"Thy wings, glorious as the morning spread,"
Lie weak at thy side—the call of Him
Will number thee soon with the dead.
Oh chieftain and illustrious sage!
Great deeds are the measure of thy glory,
And Orleans, through Time's remotest age
Will trumpet a thrilling story.
The Seminole—whose horrific yell
Through our forest dark and wide
Rung exultingly the death-knell
Of many who fought bled and died,
Can tell of him, who, like an angel form,
Bore above the curling smoke, the bloody banner of Mars
'Till it glittered from the lurid storm,
Amid heart-cheering shouts and thundering huzzas!
When oppression's foul sirocco breath
Come sweeping from afar,
And breathed with the gusto of Death,
Unholy cause of war,
Star after star with the mist seemed to mix,
Clouds o'er us began to brood,
And "death careering on the gale" of '76
Deluged the land in blood.
Ah! hard indeed was the gallant fight—
The sword knew not its sheath;
From rosy morning 'till dusky night
They fought for "Liberty or Death."
Carolina Boy of that soul-trying time,
Grecian bravery or Romah age,
Ne'er eclipsed that valorous deed sublime
That brightens thy history's page.*
The giant oak by the lightening riven,
And the Hickory of thy fame—
Will brave the thunderbolts of Heaven—
So deathless is thy name!

Zanesville, April 1, 1844. J. B. W.

*In South Carolina, during the Revolution, General Jackson was taken a prisoner, and a British officer commanded him to black his boots, which he refused to do, receiving for his disobedience a stroke upon his arm the mark of which is yet visible.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE SPY;

OR, THE POWER OF PASSION.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.—*Shakspeare.*

It was at that period of the American revolution when the British forces occupied New York, that the events which I am about to relate occured. In the autumn of the year 1782, a ship was ordered out from London to New York, to convey to the British forces, then commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, some war stores; also to transport several officers and some despatches from the government to the commander-in-chief.

The principal passengers necessary to be known, were a young man called St. Clair, about thirty years old, a captain in the British service, apparently of rank and fortune; and with him was his wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, not more than twenty years of age; and a charming child, four or five years old. The next conspicuous person called himself La Trappe, a singular being, who at different times appeared to be a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American; and whose manners, pleasures, and desires were different from those of all on board. There was another individual, a young female, who appeared to be a total stranger on board, and altogether unprotected.

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"Alas!" returned St. Clair, with a sigh, "it has not been from motives of national pride or national honor that I left England to encounter the horrors of war in a far distant land. War is a new science to me, and far different feelings have actuated"——

At this moment Mrs. St. Clair, who had during the conversation been playing with her child, bent her beautiful dark eyes on those of her husband; and, as if he read in her glance some sudden rebuke, he instantly ceased speaking, and reclined his head upon his hand.

"If ye wad tak my advice," continued the Scotsman, applying another portion of snuff to his nasal protuberance, "ye wad gang back to merry England, and spend yer days in peace wi' yer ain beautiful wife and cheeld."

This appeal seemed to touch a hidden spring in the heart of St. Clair, and springing upon his feet, he paced the deck with a hurried step—whilst the curious Scotsman watched the tear that hung glittering on the long silken eyelashes of Mrs. St. Clair.

"Weel, weel," said Dr. Mac Wash, as he turned on his heel, and applied once more to his mull, "I hae studied human nature mony a year, but I maun confess I dinna ken a' that."

The evening of the fifth day at sea was fast approaching, yet nothing of consequence had occurred. All hands were on deck, as usual, to view the sublime scene of the setting sun, as he sunk through a sea of gold to his ocean bed. St. Clair, a powerful, athletic man, but of small intellect, as is generally the case among overgrown persons, was pacing the deck with folded arms, wrapped up in his own reflections, and altogether unmindful of the heavenly scene which attracted other eyes. Mrs. St. Clair, whose almost perfect beauty was the theme and admiration of all on board, was seated on a chair, with her eyes alternately fixed upon her husband, and the golden radiance that streamed on the palaces and columns of ice from the western heavens. Even the little Scotsman, who seemed only anxious to study human nature from his observations of the crew, could not gaze upon the elegant symmetry of her form, and the exquisite expression of her finely moulded face, without repeatedly applying his forefinger and thumb to his mull, and observing, that "a' the charms o' her sex seemed to hae centred in her ain beautiful sel'." La Trappe, as usual, kept himself retired from the rest, crouched under the windlass of the ship, examining a variety of papers and letters, which he invariably crammed into a secret pocket whenever any of the crew came towards him. Still more singular were the actions of the unprotected female, whom we introduced to the reader at the opening of the story. She had given her name to the crew as Constance Dubois, a nun who had escaped from her convent near Lyons, and was flying to a foreign land to avoid the prosecution of her friends for her broken vows. She represented that she had been residing a few months in England, and from the circumstance of her friends having discovered the place of her refuge, she was under the necessity of seeking another assylum. She was often seen gazing at Mrs. St. Clair, and from her delight in nursing the lovely child, which she was constantly with, implicit credit was given to the story of her misfortune by the ship's company. Constance Dubois might have been taken for the governess of the child, so constantly did she watch it. She was sometimes seen gazing upon its innocent face; and to the interrogation of why she wept, she answered that she once had care of a child, which she had the misery to see drowned in crossing the British channel, the child having fallen overboard.

La Trappe seldom conversed with any of the crew, save when the subject of the war between England and the Colonies was introduced; and then he conversed long and fluently, seeming only desirous of drawing from those with whom he conversed their views and opinions of certain subjects and stratagems, which he himself introduced or suggested. La Trappe was considered by the British one of their most accomplished spies and secret emesaries—supposing him to be, like Achilles, invulnerable, and like Proteus, invisible at pleasure; as he had been known to pass the American sentries and penetrate their camps without injury, and seldom being arrested. He had several times been taken by the American outposts, but always managed to escape; and the British commander regretted that they had not chosen him to treat with Arnold, in lieu of the amiable and unfortunate Andre. La Trappe was a fine looking man, though small; and so mysterious in his character, that he had acquired among the sailors and soldiers the epithet of the *Incognito*. He was now the bearer of despatches from the British government, to Sir Henry Clinton, the purport of which he managed to ascertain.

The abstracted air and bewildered manner of St. Clair, most excited the attention of the crew, and caused each to assign his own reason for his singular behavior. Some supposed, from the quantity of jewels about the person of Mrs. St. Clair, that she was a member of some noble family, who had eloped with a man of humble pretensions, and that the fear of punishment had come upon them; others suggested the idea that they had not been so happy after marrirge as they had anticipated; and others, that they were persons of low fame, who had purloined the jewels, and were fugitives from justice. Thus every one formed his own conclusion from his own premises.

"I can tell ye a' about the matter," said the conceited Scotsman, putting a spoonful of the real Gillispie in his tremendous proboscis; "the mon is lackin' in the comforts o' moral philosophy, the gude effects of which ye ignorant boobies ken naething about."

At this moment the learned Doctor's harrangue was cut short by a cry from the quarter deck of "a child overboard." Every one instinctively rushed to the spot, and among the rest Mrs. St. Clair, the mother of the child—who, in the frantic agony of the moment, was only prevented from throwing herself into the sea by the sudden grasp of La Trappe, who placed her in the arms of Dr. Mac Wash, the Doctor cooly observing, that "accidents come frae every quarter when we little dream of sic disasters." Every eye was turned towards St. Clair, but he was standing with folded arms, as though altogether unmindful of the catastrophe.

The child had a moment before been seen on the deck at the side of Constance, and when her eye was turned, was supposed to have fallen over. The air, collected under its clothes, supported it for a while on the water, but it was evident that it must soon go down. The child seemed pleased with its situation; and while the sailors were endeavoring to launch the pinnacle, La Trappe with unusual energy exclaimed, "My God! the child will be lost!"

All eyes were directed to the spot to which he pointed, when a large fish of the shark species was discovered swimming rapidly towards the floating child. La Trappe rushed to the cabin, where the fainting form of Mrs. St. Clair had been carried, and in a moment after appeared with a short, straight spear, with which without speaking, he plunged into the sea. A cry of horror burst from the spectators, when he sunk for a moment beneath the blue waters, and like a cork immediately appeared upon the surface For a moment it seemed doubtful whether the intrepid swimmer, or the monster of the deep, would first reach the child. The shark and La Trappe appeared equally ambitious to seize it first; and another cry of terror arose from the spectators, as the shark turned upon its side to seize its prey;—but the dauntless La Trappe at that moment stretched forth his arm, and the teeth of the monster grazed it as he seized the child, and with a circular motion removed it from the open mouth of the shark striking with the sword at every opportunity against its tough skin. But this only irritated the ravenous adversary; and the fears of the spectators increased, that the daring adventurer and the child would both fall victims to the destroyer. A rope was repeatedly thrown, while the sailors were still endeavoring to get off the boat, but it fell short; and was evident that La Trappe could not long support the contest with one arm. Several times had the shark turned upon its side, and opened its awful mouth to seize the body of its fearless antagonist.

The Scotsman, taking out his mull, coolly observed:

"I dinna ken the reason why the ugly creature gangs up and down frae the top to the bottom; but I maun beg yer pardon, wi' a' deference to yer better judgment, but I maun think that it wad be unco weel to tie a block or twa to the end o' the rope, and thus wad it o'ercome the resistance o' the atmosphere—for ye a' ken that the momentum o' "——

The bustle occasioned by the suggestion of Dr. Mac Wash, put an end suddenly to his projected harangue on the philosophy of motion; and he was under the necessity of giving an actual demonstration, by applying to his mull—and surely no man ever made his fingers more active in applying the Gillispie to his nasal organ, than did the fat, gouty, and quizzical little Dr. Mac Wash, whom the sailors took infinite pleasure in jostling, with the view of having it said that he had been angry once in his life.

A block was attached to the end of a rope as quick as possible, for it was evident that the strength of La Trappe was fast declining—he being able to avoid the shark only by watching the manner of his diving, and then removing out of his way, by swimming out of the probable place of his reappearance. The large ship block, attached to a rope, was thrown by a strong armed sailor, which unluckily fell precisely on the head of the shark, at the moment of its reappearance. Unluckily—for, though it stunned the demon of the deep, it only irritated it, and made it more ravenous for its prey. —Writhing under the blow, it wheeled, went down, and, while yet the cry of joy arose, made its appearance some yards distant.

La Trappe seized the block, placed the child upon it, and in a moment made it fast with the end of the rope, which projected beyond the point where the block was tied. With a cry of joy the child was gently drawn towards the ship. The resusitated mother rushed upon deck, and shouted with ecstasy at the prospect of saving her only child.

Our hero was now behind the shark, and between it and the ship. As though the monster were conscious that it was about to loose its prey, not seeing La Trappe, it darted forward, made a leap at the line, and with its teeth cut it nearly in twain. Rapidly now they attempted to draw up the child, and every one held his breath as the rope strained with the child. La Trappe swam towards the spot, that he might protect it should it fall. The battle commenced between him, and the shark, as though infuriated at losing one prey, seemed determined on securing another. Twice had the daring hand of our hero endeavored to plunge the spear into the side or the monster, but had succeeded in entering it only an inch or two at the last time. Frantic with apparent pain, the creature succeeded in seizing La Trappe's arm, when the cry of horror rose from the ship; the blood gushed forth—but he extricated himself, and in an instant plunged the spear to the hilt down the animal's throat—Agonized, the shark suddenly wheeled, by which La Trappe lost his grasp of the handle of the spear.

The scent of blood, or some other cause, had now drawn another shark, which the spectators saw swimming rapidly towards the dauntless adventurer. They had succeeded in drawing up the child, and restoring it to its frantic mother's arms; but all now mourned the fate of the generous La Trappe, who they already gave up as lost. To the great joy of all, however, the sailors had succeeded in launching the boat—though great anxiety prevailed lest the second and larger shark should first reach the defenceless foe. The oars were speedily applied, and the rowers cheered on with the shouts of the spectators, when the cry burst from the lips of Mrs. St. Clair:

"Save him—O save him! He has fainted!—he is drowning!"

All eyes were turned towards La Trappe: he had indeed fainted with the loss of blood, and was evidently drowing. The second shark was within five feet *of* him, and the boat at least fifteen *from* him. Every exertion was made; and at the moment the monster was in the act of seizing the insensible form of the brave adventurer, a sailor in the bow of the boat snatched one of the oars, and with well directed aim struck the devouring animal a tremendous blow across the back: the shark sunk, passed under La Trappe, and the next moment he was drawn into the boat, amid the deafening shouts of the spectators.

"I dinna think," coolly observed the Scotsman, "if the bonnie laddie fights sick battles as that, he need be afraid at a' o' mortal mon, or ony thing in sic a warld as this."

The senses of La Trappe were restored ere he reached the ship; and no sooner was he safely on deck, than Mrs. St. Clair embraced him in a transport of joy, and with a thousand thanks and blessings offered him rich presents in jewels and money, which he politely declined.

"I have done no more," said he, "than is the duty of every man in cases of suffering humanity."

"I ken the meaning o' yer words," said Dr. Mac Wash, returning his mull to his pocket; "and I maun say ye wad hae been a philosopher, as well as a hero, had ye studied the precepts o' philosophy; and had ye lived in the days o' Grecian glory, yer conduct would hae merited a statue and a' praise."

"No, sir," returned La Trappe, "I am no philosopher, unless the act of rescuing a fellow creature in distress can confer upon me the honorable name. If to feel for other's woes—to espouse the cause of the oppressed and distressed—and to succour in the hour of peril, has any relationship to that glorious science, then shall I ever be a philosopher."

La Trappe being stripped, was found to be considerably lacerated; and Dr. Mac Wash, while he prepared the applications, learnedly expatiated on the difference between swords cuts, gun shot wounds, lacerations, and bruises. The Doctor was one of those individuals that love to hear themselves talk, that skim the surface of a variety of learned matters, and impress their hearers with an idea that their attainments are superior to those of all others, and far more extensive than they really are. The doctor could quote a thousand authors whose works he had never seen, use scraps of language he had never learned, and being blest with *the gift of gab* and a good memory, he was never deficient in empty controversy.

St. Clair, though the ship had now been out twenty days, was the same abstracted being, weeping at times in secret, as though his heart would break, though apparently he possessed every thing that could render him happy. From appearances he was both wealthy and of family, besides possessing one of the most beautiful and accomplished wives and a lovely child. The little interest he had felt when the child fell overboard was a subject of astonishment to the whole crew; and not even the little gouty Scotsman, with all his knowledge of human nature, could divine the reason of his indifference. Sometimes, after sitting for hours with his head between his hands in apparent reflection, he would spring from his seat, walk the deck with a hurried step, and wring his hands as though he were insane. All day, and the better part of the night, he spent on deck. He was never seen to caress the child, which Mrs. St. Clair kept constantly at her side, and in his moments of agony, the condolence of all, save Mrs. Clair, he rejected with impatience. A few words whispered by her would generally calm him when in the highest fit of agony, and indeed there can be few that condolence from so charming a creature would not soothe. The sculptor perhaps never carved a figure of more exquisite symmetry, which, if possible, was excelled by the beauty, the expressive beauty of her face. Her dark, melancholy eye itself was a language which spoke to and was understood by every heart with which she had communion. At times it was discovered that she was not so happy as so beautiful a woman deserved to be; and indeed how could she be happy when her husband, whom we must suppose she loved with all her soul, was so wretched. At times, when they supposed they were alone on deck, Mrs. St. Clair was seen to weep and throw his arms round the neck of his wife, apparently pleading with, and imploring her to disclose something which he wished to know.—Constance Dubois was the general observer of those scenes.

The generous La Trappe was now confined to his berth with fever, brought on by his wounds.—He firmly believed that some one had attempted to poison him, as he had drank a beverage which, unknown to him, had been made for the child. But Dr. Mac Wash observed that it was a fancy and wadna remain when the fever had gang'd awa'.

The twenty-ninth day of sailing arrived. La Trappe had been confined five days to his berth, and was rapidly recovering. On the night of the twenty-ninth day a circumstance took place which struck the whole ship's company with sorrow, astonishment, and dismay. The day had been fair till towards the evening, when a cloud appeared in the west, which the old sailors knew to be the forerunner of a storm. Accordingly the ship was arranged to meet the crisis, which rapidly came on. The melancholy wanderer of Heaven, the moon, seemed struggling thro' a dense mass of storm clouds and dimly looked down upon the terrified and watchful crew. The thunder rolled in the distance with a muttering sound, and the vivid lightning occasionally illumined the heaving waves of the deep. A deep gloom shrouded the bosom of the ocean. The wind rose high and loud, the cordage reeled to and fro, creaking and flapping fitfully against the masts, and the ship plunged wildly in the tremendous trough of the sea. By eleven o'clock it blew a fearful gale, and all hands were busy about their various duties in the ship. St. Clair left his berth and his wife, and came on deck, seeming more calm and collected amid the uproar of the elements. Constance Dubois was also on deck.

About midnight the report of a pistol was heard in the cabin, and immediately after a scream, with the cry of murder. The captain, followed by others, rushed to the cabin with a light, where the first object that attracted attention was La Trappe, standing a few feet from the berth in which Mrs. St. Clair had been sleeping, with a pistol in his hand and horror depicted in his countenance.—The light being brought forward, Mrs. St. Clair was discovered in a reclining position with a mortal wound in the breast, the blood streaming, or rather spouting, at short intervals; by which Dr. Mac Wash knew that a large artery had been wounded, and declared that "an hour or twa at most would end her misery and tak' her frae the warld."

St. Clair, who apparently had not heard the report of the pistol and the cry of agony, now rushed below, and in frantic grief clasped his dying wife in his arms. At the sight of so beautiful an object in such a situation many of the roughest sailors wept who had not wept for years before. Every one was eager to know who had done the deed, but no one professed to know. Suspicion fell on La Trappe, the generous La Trappe, who had nine days before saved the life of her child at the imminent risk of his own. The very idea of his being the murderer carried a conviction of the contrary with it, and yet no one was known to have been in the cabin but him, added to which he was discovered near her with the identical pistol in his hand. Another circumstance went to prove his guilt—The pistol, when examined, was found to have the initials E. L. T., which stood for Eugene La Trappe, engraved on the mounting. Here was circumstantial evidence which satisfied many that he was guilty of the crime, however much they were disinclined to fix the stain upon him.

La Trappe of course denied the charge, and in denying it convinced all that he was the assassin of the beautiful sufferer before them. He declared that he was asleep in his berth when the report of the pistol aroused him from his slumbers. He heard the cry of "O God, I am murdered!" and immediately after saw, by the dim light which shone from above, a young, slender lad rush by him. He sprung from his berth to seize him, but he was gone; and seeing a pistol on the floor, he picked it up and rushed to the ladies' cabin to defend the person who had made the cry. He there heard the voice of Mrs. St. Clair, and stood palsied with horror when those above came down to her assistance. This, in the face of Heaven, he declared to be the truth.

The inquiry was made, and no lad was found to be on board. The full conviction, therefore, involuntarily took possession of every breast that he was the murderer; and accordingly, the unfortunate La Trappe was put in irons and confined below. Dr. Mac Wash had stopped the bleeding from the wound of the unfortunate victim, the beautiful Mrs. St. Clair, and no one could, in all the wide range of probability, assign a reason for the inhuman and desperate deed. Some supposed that La Trappe had suddenly conceived a deep passion for the fascinating woman, and that knowing she was the wife of another, he had in a moment of frenzied love determined that her charms should not glad the heart of another, as he could not possess the object himself. All seemed anxious as soon as the storm had abated, to hear from her lips what she might know concerning the perpetrator and the cause. But she knew nothing She stated that she had been awakened when her husband went on deck, and persuaded him, from some indefinable fear, not to go; but that she had again fallen asleep on her side, from which she was aroused by the report of the pistol and the anguish of the wound. The first object she recognized was La Trappe, standing before her with the pistol in his hand. She expressed a conviction that she would die the ball having lodged in the region of the heart; and humbly implored of Heaven the forgiveness of him who had committed the dreadful deed. She constantly expressed a desire that her husband should remain near her. as she had something to communicate in her dying moments. St. Clair, who was distractedly pacing the deck, was sent for to receive the last communication from his wife.

The storm had subsided, and day was breaking in the eastern Heavens when Dr. Mac Wash declared that he had done a' that he could do for the gude woman, and that she maun die in little mair than an hour or twa. The dying woman called her husband to her side.

"You know," said she, weeping, "that our marriage has proved unhappy and unfortunate, as I too well foresaw that it would prove. The Count, your father, and the guardian of the daughter of his ancient friend committed an error in forcing me to the arms of you, his eldes son, when my affections were bestowed upon another. Though I have endeavoured to render you happy, even when my own heart was breaking with long endured misery; and though, in your presence I have endeavoured to wear the appearance of contentment, and have mingled with the giddy, and laughed with the gay when there was no pleasure in my heart; yet I cannot hide in death the horrid secret from you that from childhood I devotedly loved your younger brother, and that even when united to you I loved him best. My heart was firmly fixed upon him, until you persuaded and finally prevailed upon his father to disinherit Englebert; nor then did I forsake him, until he was driven from his home, and lastly from his country. Nor had I yielded then, but for the filial affection I bore your father, the Count. Though you knew not that I had any knowledge of it, I was aware that the union of my fortune with yours was the paramount object in the bosom of those who advocated the marriage The cruel advantages which you took of the ill-fated, and on my part, beloved Englebert, have driven him in his youth an exile to, and perhaps a wretch in a foreign land, and the curse pronounced by him against you has now been verified and accomplished. It was rumoured in England, that in the fear of the vengeance of your brother, you had secretly hired assassins to follow him to France and despatch him; but the story was so unnatural that I did not give it credit, though the language of your troubled slumbers and the actions of your waking hours have since inclined me to believe it. Unknown to you, I have sometimes shuddered and recoiled from your embrace as from the touch of a serpent, though in mercy to you I never divulged it. I was bound by the marriage vow to minister to your happiness, and I have lavished caresses upon you when my thoughts were far off with Englebert, and I have smiled in your face when the tears of sorrow and regret were starting at the memory of the wrongs you had heaped upon your brother. I was guilty of duplicity, but I considered it my duty. Oh, that I had not yielded to what I then considered my duty, the will of your father! Poverty and exile would have been an unearthly paradise compared with the miseries I have suffered.—Here," continued the dying mother, raising her beautiful child in her arms, "look upon the innocent face of this child, and tell me whether the guilt of its mother is stamped upon its lineaments?—You have intimated a thousand times, that this unfortunate child bore the countenance of your unhappy brother; and now, in the presence of that God at whose bar I must in few minutes appear, I solemnly declare that you are the father of this innocent and injured child. Take it, and if not for its mother's sake, cherish it as the memorial of our misfortunes, when I shall be buried in the bosom of the dark and stormy ocean. Take it and teach it the story of its mother's unhappy fate, that it may avoid a future marriage where like mine, the hand is to be given without the heart."

All who were present shed tears at this pathetic appeal, and Constance Dubois wept as if her heart would break. Even Dr. Mac Wash, who was famed for taking all things easy, could not refrain from frequently applying to his mull for relief, while two large tears rolled down his singular face. Mrs. St. Clair drew her child to her, kissed it several times, then gently laid her hand upon the pillow, composed herself as if to sleep, and breathing a short prayer, expired without a groan.

It is entirely out of the power of language to express the feelings of those who still stood gazing on the yet beautiful form of the lifeless Lucinda St. Clair Through the rose had faded from her cheek and the smile had fled from her once fascinating mouth, yet there was a charm still lingering about her features which it was impossible to forget.—The hearts of the spectators were touched even to tenderness by the prattle of the child, and its vain endeavours to waken its mother from her long sleep.

The next day came, when it was considered necessary to consign the dead body to the deep. The little Scotsman objected, as it was "sic a shame to gi' sic a beautiful body to the food o' worms and fishes, and wadna comfort wi' the moral dignity o' the human race." But his objections were overruled, for it was found that owing to bad winds the ship was at least twelve or fifteen days sail from New York, and no means on board of preserving the body until they should reach the port. Accordingly, the body of the late charming Mrs. St. Clair was securely wrapped in canvas, and placed upon an inclined plain on the side of the ship. All on board were assembled to witness the solemn scene. It was deputed to Dr. Mac Wash to read the funeral service, which he did in such a quizzical manner that many were inclined to laugh, notwithstanding the serious occasion. After this, a hymn was sung and the words pronounced—"We commit the body to the deep, may God have mercy on the spirit which has departed." The next moment a plunge was heard, the waves divided, then closed over again, and the gentle, accomplished, and beautiful Mrs St. Clair disappeared for ever! The melancholy husband sat upon the side of the ship, watching the bubbles as they arose, along after she receded from the spot. He appeared more composed, but his mind seemed to have settled into a fixed despair. He seldom spoke, and noticed nothing that occurred on board. The child after the loss of its mother, seemed to take no interest in any person but La Trappe, who was confined in one of the state rooms, whose chains it played with, and to whom it seemed devotedly attached, as though grateful for his humanity in rescuing it from a watery grave.

Several nights after the death of Mrs. St. Clair the crew of the Albion were awfully alarmed at hearing a voice in the very tones of the murdered lady, declaring the innocence of the injured La Trappe. Sometimes it appeared to proceed from the round-top, sometimes from the yard arms, and at others, from the cabin and the berth where Mrs. St. Clair was murdered. The sailors knew not what to make of it, but it ceased on their arrival at New York; and it was not until long after that it was discovered that La Trappe was a professed ventriloquist. On the arrival of the ship at New York, the despatches from government, in the possession of La Trappe, were delivered to Sir Henry Clinton, who was thunder-struck at the idea that a man, whom he supposed of so much service to the British army, should be guilty of imbruing his hands in the blood of a beautiful and innocent woman. He was confined in a building appropriated by Sir Henry, and a jailer appointed. La Trappe, the first night after his arrival, sunk into a profound sleep. About midnight he was awakened, and discovered a female with a dark lanthorn standing over him.

"In the name of God whence came you?" said the astonished prisoner. "Why disturb you a wretch doomed to suffer for the crime of another."

"Nay," returned the female, "I come to give you liberty—rise and prepare to fly."

"By what strange means did you pass the jailer?"

"By appealing to his heart, when a bribe had failed. I told him I was your wife, that I had come to see you for the last time; and asked him what he would think of the man who would not let *his* wife pass to see *him* for the last time, if he were condemned to die? He wiped a tear and bade me pass, for which I gave him some wine, into which I had infused some opium."

"Who are you?" asked La Trappe, "and why take you this interest in my welfare?"

"My name is Constance Dubois, and the reason I am here is, that an innocent man may not suffer. Rise and follow me, and life and liberty are yours."

La Trappe, almost doubting his senses, arose and followed the undaunted Constance. The jailer, overcome by the influence of the drug, had sunk into a profound slumber, and they passed on unmolested to the street. La Trappe's first object was to procure a boat, with wich he passed up the Hudson, accompanied by Constance. On the western bank of the river La Trappe moored his boat, and had not proceeded far when the sound of human voices struck upon his ear. The moon, in her decline, had just risen and enabled our hero to discover three men concealed in a thicket, near which he crept and listened behind a fallen tree to the conversation of the trio. They were covered with cloaks, and he knew not at first whether they